one could see what they were doing. Legally they were supposed to smoke thirty feet away from the door, in other words, out of range.

No wonder Citizen Hearse always supported the loco National Socialist Reform candidate. It was the party for dealers, thugs, and workers of every trade....

It was absurd, and was bound to make trouble, one way or another. Now small groups of smokers hung around the door, or loitered on the steps of adjacent buildings. The St. John's ambulance had a garage next door and the drivers complained that the residents hung around their property, smoking stronger weeds than tobacco. What could they do with a City administration that refused to recognize human nature? They'd made it illegal even to show a pack of cigarettes in public, in restaurants and bars, but they'd enabled junkies to do crack.

It was typical of Shelter Standards.

It was schizophrenic....

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Someone had been tampering with his door! There was a groove where PORK members pried it with Elmo's used cutlery....

There were utensils on the floor, and fresh paint-chips....

He came from the Beastly side. The crackers left similar deposits of baking soda outside his door, intended to horrify him by their resemblance to cocaine....

They wrote messages in landlord paint....

No crack here, ass-hole....

He thought he'd got away from all that CRIMINAL ACTIVITY....

Fellini, Butch, Dead Guy....

Hearse-Ferran put them up to it....

The cameras were a good idea, but he had them de-activated....

Likewise, fixing the steps, but it invited druggy-looking people from the drop-in. They sat all day, rocking....

They claimed Emile Durkheim House wass their PRIVATE PROPERTY, although they were COMMUNIST....

They couldn't sit on the steps of the drop-in, or the social workers would beat them up....

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Serge used to park his Lada on the street in front of Yucca Flats. Johnny would watch for it when Serge was late for shift-change. It was tricky to watch the monitor and the street at once. They both seemed like movies after a while, running on different channels. So they were.

Serge was usually late. He seemed depressed about life, his own especially. After the collapse of the Soviet Union, he had trouble getting up in the morning. He'd started a full-time job as manager at a nearby Handy House. He was tired, and insecure. He lacked self-confidence. He figured he'd fail at this too, like Russia. He was probably right.

Sometimes Serge parked in front of the funeral home. His girlfriend worked there, laying out the corpses. It was the same population. Occasionally some do-good organization used the premises at night. Jack and some of the other tenants regularly crashed Alcoholics Anonymous for the free coffee and donuts. They could have joined.